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Miscellaneous.

A Woman's Thoughts About Women.

[The following extracts selected from an article in a late number of Chambers' Journal, contain hints which may be profitable to some of our young female readers. After promising that her thoughts do not include married women, &c., the author proceeds:]

Looking around upon the middle classes who form the staple stock of the community, it appears to me that the chief canker at the root of woman's lives, is the want of something to do.

Heroin I refer, as this chapter must be understood especially to refer, not to those whom ill or good fortune—query, is it not often the latter?—has forced to earn their bread, but to young ladies who have not been brought up to do anything. Tom, Dick and Harry, their brothers, have each had it knocked into him from school days, that he is to do something to somebody. Counting houses, shops, or college, afford him a clear future on which to concentrate all his energies and aims. He has got the grand pulsation of the human soul—occupation. If any inherent want in his character, any unlucky combination of circumstances nullify this, what a poor creature the man becomes!—what a dwelling, mooping, sitting-over-the-fire, thumb-twiddling, fussy, ill-tempered, animal! And why?—Oh, poor fellow! 'tis because he has got nothing to do!

Yet this is precisely the condition of women for a third, a half, often a whole of their existence.

That Providence ordained it so—made men to work and women to be idle—is a doctrine that few will be bold enough to assert openly. Tacitly they do, when they preach up lovely uselessness, fascinating frivolity, delicious helplessness—all those polite impertinences and poetical degradations to which the foolish, lazy, or selfish of our sex are prone to incite an ear, and which any woman of common sense must repudiate as insulting not only her womanhood, but its Creator.

Tom, Dick, and Harry, store said, leave school and plunge into life; the girls likewise finish their education, come home and stay at home. That is enough. No body thinks it needful to waste a care upon them. Bless them pretty dears, how sweet they are! papa's nosegay of beauty to adorn his drawing room. He delights to give them all they can desire—clothes, amusements, society; he and mamma take every domestic care off their hands; they have abundance of time and nothing to occupy it; plenty of money, and little use for it; pleasure without end, but not one definite object of interest or employment; flattery and flummery enough, but no solid food whatever, to satisfy mind or heart—if they happen to possess either—at the very emptiest and most craving season for both.

Alas! the boys only have had the benefit of that well-known juvenile apothegm, that "Satan finds no mischief still."

For idle hands to do, it has never crossed the parents' mind that the rhyme could apply to the delicate digital extremities of the daughters.

And so their whole energies are devoted to the massacre of old Time. They prick him to death with crotchet and embroidery needles; stund him deaf with piano and harp playing—cut him up with morning visitors, or leave his carcass in ten-minute parcels at every "friend's" house they can think of. Finally, they dance him defunct at all sorts of unnatural hours; and then, rejoicing in the excellent excuse, smother him in sleep for a third of the following day. Thus he dies, a slow, offensive, perfectly natural death; and they will never recognize his murder, till on the confines of this world, or from the unknown shores of the next, the question meets them: "What have you done with Time?"—Time, the only mortal gift bestowed equally on every living soul, and excepting the soul, the only mortal loss which is totally irrevocable.

Yet this great sin, this irredeemable loss, in many women, arises from their ignorance. Men are taught, as a matter of business, to recognize the value of time, to apportion and employ it; women, rarely or never. The most of them have no definite appreciation of the article as a tangible divisible commodity at all. They would laugh at a mantua-maker who cut up a dress-length into trimmings, and then expected to make out of two yards of silk a full skirt. Yet that the same laws of proportion should apply to time and its measurements—that you cannot dawdle away a whole forenoon, and then attempt to cram into the afternoon the entire business of the day—that every minute's unpunctuality constitutes a debt or a theft [lucky, indeed, if you yourself are the only party robbed or made creditor thereof!]; these slight facts rarely seem to cross the feminine imagination.

These are they who are little spoken of in the world at large. I do not include amongst them those whose labours should spring from an irresistible impulse, and become an absolute vocation, or it is not worth following at all—namely the "gifted."

It is not their fault; they have never been "accustomed to business." They hear that with men "time is money;" but it never strikes them that the same commodity, equally theirs, is to them not money, perhaps, but life—life in its highest form and noblest use—life bestowed upon every human being, distinctly and individually, without reference to any other being, and for which every one of us, married or unmarried, women as well as men, will assuredly be held accountable before God.

My young women friends, of from seven years upwards, your time, and the use of it, is as essential to you as to any fathers or brothers of you all. You are accountable for it just as much as they are. If you waste it, you waste not your substance, but your very souls—not that which is your own, but your Maker's.

At, then, the core of the matter lies—From the hour that honest Adam and Eve were put into the garden, not—as I once heard some sensible preacher declare—"not to be idle in it, but to dress it and to keep it." The Father of all has never put one man or one woman into the world without giving them something to do here, in it and for it; some visible, tangible work, to be left behind them when they die.

Young women, 'tis worth a grave thought—what, if called away at eighteen, twenty, or thirty, the most of you would leave behind when you die? Much embroidery, doubtless; various pleasant, kindly, illegible letters; a moderate store of good deeds; and a cart-load of good intentions.

What but what I do with my life? as once asked me one girl out of the number who began to feel aware that, whether marrying or not, each possesses an individual life, to spend, to use, or to lose. And herein lies the momentous question.

The difference between man's vocation and woman's seems naturally to be this—one is abroad; the other at home; one external, the other internal; one active, the other passive. He has to go and seek; she has to wait and be sought.

She has not married. Under her home, her life, her lot, are all within her grasp. Bitter or sweet they may have been—it is not ours to meddle with them, but we can any day see their results. Wide or narrow, as her circle of influence appears, she has exercised her power to the utmost and for good. Whether great or small her talents, she has not let one of them rust for want of use. Whatever the current of her existence may have been, and in whatever circumstances it has placed her, she has voluntarily wasted no portion of it—not a year, not a month, not a day.

Published, or unpublished, this woman's life is a goodly chronicle, the title page of which you may read in her quiet countenance; her manner, acutal, cheerful and at ease; her unflinching interest in all things and all people. You will rarely find she thinks much about herself; she has never had time for it. And this her life-chronicle, which out of its very fullness, has taught her that the more one does, the more one finds to do—she will never flourish in your face, or the face of heaven, as something uncommonly virtuous and extraordinary. She knows that, after all, she has simply done what it was her duty to do.

But—and when her place is vacant on earth, this will be said of her assuredly, both here and elsewhere—"She hath done what she could."

(To be Continued.)

Is GASLIGHT INJURIOUS?—There is a prejudice against gaslight as being the most injurious form of artificial illumination. As against the proper and well-regulated use of gas, this prejudice is entirely groundless, but there can be little doubt that from its abuse and bad management it is really doing more mischief than any other kind of light; its very excellencies are turned to bad account; its extreme cheapness, compared with other sources of illumination, naturally leads to its use in excessive quantities; floods of light are poured forth, so that persons may read and sew for hours together in the remotest corners of the room. The air is heated by the excessive combustion, and poisoned by large quantities of carbonic acid, which there are no means of removing. The eye is unprotected from the glare by screen or shade; extraneous light is freely admitted, which obscures the impression, and strains the nerve of vision, and in proportion as the sensibility of the eye is impaired, stronger light is used, which gives temporary relief, but with danger of ultimate and permanent injury to the sight. On the other hand, good, well purified gas, judiciously controlled in accordance with the hints we have given, is perfectly harmless.

Scientific American.

Mr. Mason has sent to the President his resignation as Minister to France, to take effect from the first of January next, but he will be requested to remain in service until the arrival of Mr. Sidel, his successor, who will go out early in the spring.

By the census of 1855 there were 86,000 in New York, of which 43,500 were naturalized, and the rest native citizens.

There still remains in Costa Rica about thirty of Walker's followers, who deserted his cause before the surrender of Rivas.

The wages of the employees of the Boston and Worcester Railroad have been reduced ten per cent. from the highest to the lowest.

Odessa firms have offered to sell to the Austrian iron foundries at a low price, the English and French cannon balls which were collected at Sebastopol.

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Remarkable Instances of Heroism.

THE REV. MR. SCUDDER, OF INDIA, IN A LETTER TO THE CHRISTIAN INTELLIGENCER, GIVES THE FOLLOWING INSTANCES OF HEROISM, CALLED FORTH BY THE INDIAN MUTINIES.

Let Americans never be ashamed that Englishmen are their forefathers. England is a noble country. Her sons are heroes and her daughters are heroines. This rebellion has brought out deeds that deserve to be associated with those valorous actions which we, with throbbing pulses, read in history. In one place a lady and her husband fled in their carriage. He stood upright. She took the reins. She lashed the horses through a band of mutineers, while he, with cool aim, shot dead one who seized the horses' heads, and another who climbed upon the carriage behind to cut him down. On they fled, till again they found themselves among foes, and a rope stretched across the road made further progress appear impossible. True to herself, she dashed the horses at full speed against the rope, and as they, hearing it down, stumbled, she, by rein and whip, raised them, while her husband's weapons again freed them from those who succeeded in leaping upon them. He was wounded, but both escaped with their lives. In another place a young lady, the daughter of an officer, shot seven mutineers before they killed her. A captain, proved by his Bayonet, with his good sword close twenty-four of them before he fell!

Effect of Boudier's Joy.—A son of Col. J. J. Winter, of Clarksburg, Va., returned home the other day after an absence of three years. His father had some difficulty in recognizing him, and after he had made himself known, the father stepped to the door of an adjoining room, and calling two of his daughters informed them that a gentleman desired to see them. Upon entering the room the young ladies did not at first recognize their brother, but almost instantly the eldest recognized him and sank to the floor, dead. Being somewhat delicate, the joyous surprise of this unexpected meeting her long absent brother, to whom she was dearly attached, was too much, and thus caused her instant death.

Nothing can be more simple than these two subjects, but nothing more expressive, more graceful, or more true. It is not only the manner of handling the brush, and the treatment of colors that places Mr. Hunt in the first rank of American artists, but it is still more, the elevation of his conceptions, and the profound sentimentality, which permeates his work.

These admirable qualities are seen already in two unfinished sketches, of which we have spoken, and which will, without doubt, prove among the most attractive paintings, in the approaching exhibition of the Academy of Design in New York.

A process for embalming the dead, originated by a physician of New York, has been prosecuted in New Orleans by a Mr. Cassavane, with much success. The corps is not excoriated. An incision is made in the arm, into which a chemical preparation is injected. Mr. Cassavane has a vault in one of the cemeteries, in which specimens of art are placed on exhibition. One of them, the corps of a negro boy, who died last October, has recently been inspected by the editor of the New Orleans Bee, who found it not at all shrank nor exhibiting any symptoms of decay.

Two Scotch gentlemen went to Ireland to make a tour, and to see the natives. One of them, one drizzly day, bet the other the price of their dinner and a bottle of wine, that the first Pat they found would be too much for them. A diminutive fellow, with an old freeze coat and a piece of a hat, was trying to plough with a pony under the shelter of a row of trees. "Pat," said our friend, "Yes, yer honor," he replied. "If the devil were to come just now, which of us three would he take?" "Sure he'd take me yer honor!" "But why, Pat?" "Case he's sure of your honors at any time!"

Effects of Cold Water upon a Mob.—The New York Commercial Advertiser, in speaking of the crowd at the City Hall on Tuesday afternoon, says it was effectually dispersed by a fire engine, which was brought out in the Park for trial, throwing a stream of water around the spot where the orator stood. It was the historical fact, we believe, that a riot was once suppressed in Holland by fire engines playing on the mob, who were soon cooled by a copious shower of water, while steel and shot would only have served to infuriate them.

They struck out a singular mode to prevent unhappy marriages in Illinois. It is proposed to amend the law of marriage, so as to require the prospective husband and wife, on any given day, to enter in the office of an officer, legally empowered to do such a duty, a written declaration to become man and wife. From that day one year let them associate as lovers, or break the engagement if they choose; then at the end of the year, if they again express their determination to become man and wife, let the contract be sealed.

An Arithmetical Puzzle.—Two boys each having thirty apples, proceeded to sell them, one offers his for a cent which produces him fifteen cents; the other sells his thirty at the rate of three for a cent, and realizes ten cents—both realizing twenty-five cents. The next day one boy sells the same number, at the same nominal rates, only in quantities of five each, which he offers at two cents for the five, at which he realizes only twenty-four cents, as will be readily seen.

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Historical.

MEMOIR OF RHODE ISLAND.

1701
Jamestown.
Joseph May, Edward Carr,
Thomas Rathbone.
By Election, May 3.
SAMUEL CRANSTON, Gov. 4
WALTER CLARKE, Dep. Gov.
Assistants.

Henry Tew, Nathl. Coddington,
Wm. Hopkins, Joseph Williams,
Joseph Sheffield, Gyles Bloomer,
John Greene, Jeffrey Champin,
John Edmond, Richard Greene.

WALTER CLARKE, Recorder.
WILLIAM BISCOCK, Treasurer.
JOSEPH SHEPHERD, Attorney Gen.
No not passed for levying a tax of \$700 and fixing the soldiers, whether volunteers or impressed, for the service at Fort Mifflin at \$12.50 per year, about equal to 30 others.

The General Assembly was held at Providence Oct. 25th, 1704.
Deputies from the Towns.
Newport.

Samuel Clarke, John Rogers,
Wm. Wenden, James Coggeshall,
Jonathan Barney, John Scott.
Providence.

John Dexter, Joseph Jencks,
Thos. Kenner, Gideon Crawford,
Portsmouth.

John Borden, Abraham Anthony,
Gideon Freeborn, William Earl,
Warwick.

Benj. Barton, Randall Holden,
James Greene, Simon Smith,
Westerly.

James Noise, John Lewis,
Kingston.

Andrew Willet, John Posen,
Jamestown.

Danl. Coggeshall, David Greene,
Greenwich.

John Spencer, Pardon Tillinghast,
The General Assembly was held at the 14th of February, when they commenced at Newport.

The Gov. presented to the Assembly her Majesty's Queen Anne's letter from St. James, dated March 30th, 1704. In this letter the Queen reproved the colony for refusing to assist the neighboring colonies against the common enemy, as appears by the justification set up by the assembly, for they say:

"There was no such refusal, and the reason and ground of one not complying with the demand made at that juncture, are not truly stated, for we always did, as we still do, hold it to be the duty of all her Majesty's Provinces and colonies to be aiding and assisting to each other according to their strength and abilities in case of any invasion or assault by the common enemy, the which we have not been negligent in several particulars, and more especially the last summer, by sending assistance of one good company of men into the Province of Massachusetts, which did good service, although we are a frontier, bordering upon the ocean, and lying very open and dangerous of an invasion by sea, which puts the colony to considerable expense in maintaining watches and wards upon the sea coasts, besides one—

from the north land and maintaining a garrison in the fort, and considerable charge towards the security of Block Island, all which has very weighty upon us; notwithstanding in obedience to her Majesty's command, as well as our inclination for her Majesty's interest. Be it enacted by the Governor, Council and House of Representatives in this present session assembled, and by the authority thereof it is enacted, that there shall be the number of forty-eight men, English and Indians, forthwith enlisted as volunteers or impressed in the Colony for the service of the same, or to be otherwise disposed of as is hereafter expressed, the which number of men we deem to be the extent of our quota or proportion with the rest of the Provinces and Colonies, considering what is before premised &c."

ESTABLISHMENT OF EPISCOPAL CHURCHES.
For an account of the early establishment of the Episcopal churches in Rhode Island &c., we give the following quotations from a work published in London, in the year 1720, by the society for "propagating the Gospel in foreign parts."—Pages 61, 62, 318, to 326, 331, and 333.

"In September 1702, the church wardens of Rhode Island, wrote to the society, 'that they cannot forbear expressing their great joy in being under the patronage of so honorable a corporation through whose pious endeavors with God's assistance, the church of England hath so fair a prospect of flourishing in these remote parts of the world, and among the rest of her small branches, theirs also in Rhode Island.' That though it is not four years since they began to assemble themselves together to worship God after the manner of the Church of England, yet have they both

the emperor of Austria has decided that an annual exhibition of the fine arts shall take place at Vienna, and that 10,000 florins shall be appropriated to the purchase of the most remarkable works. All foreign and national artists will be admitted to exhibit their works, and prizes will be distributed at the close of the exhibition.

CURIOUS DISPLAY.—About twenty of the most incorrigible thieves in San Francisco were recently exhibited on the Plaza by the police. The exhibition was free, and was well attended by as many as three thousand citizens. The rogues were fastened, two by two, to a rope which extended about thirty yards.

CLERICAL WIT.—The Rev. Dr. C., of New York, is as noted for his wit as for his eloquence. One of his friends recently remarked to him, that the "currency was deranged." "I should think it was," replied the doctor, "for we hear that ten mills do not now make a cent."

Mr. Samuel Lamprey, of Salisbury, has a turkey which has laid one hundred and eighty eggs in one hundred and eighty successive days.

Odessa firms have offered to sell to the Austrian iron foundries at a low price, the English and French cannon balls which were collected at Sebastopol.

The wages of the employees of the Boston and Worcester Railroad have been reduced ten per cent. from the highest to the lowest.

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THE LITTLE POOL WILL SOON BE DRY.

O, brightly beams the summer sky,
And rarely blooms the clover sky,
But the little pool will soon be dry,
The summer soon be over.

O, light and soft the west wind blows,
The flower bells gently ringing;
But blight will fall upon the rose,
Where now the bells are swinging.

A smile is on the silver streams,
A blush is on the flowers;
But the cloud that wears a golden gleam
Will waste itself in showers.

O, little hearts with gladness rife,
Among the wavy grasses—
A deeper shade will fold your life
Than o'er the meadow passes.

O, maiden lips! O, lips of bloom!
Unburdened, save by singing,
Pale grief shall leave his seat of gloom
Where kisses now are clinging.

O, hope is sweet, O, youth is near,
And love is sweeter—never;
O, life is sweet, and life is dear,
But death is often dearer.

O, shield the little hearts from wrong,
While childhood's laugh is ringing;
And kiss the lips that sing the song,
Before they cease their singing.

O, cradle joys the blows of youth,
Before their brows are older,
O, touch with love the lips of truth
Before these lips are colder.

For the little pool will soon be dry,
The summer soon be over,
Though brightly beams the summer sky,
And rarely blooms the clover.

Nov 21

Also a lot of fine pictures ready framed.
Nov 13 T W WOOD.

NO 15 FRANKS STREET: Nov 14

ON'S, bra, Him Spruce, European Silver Fir, and King
fish Juniper, apply to ALFRED SMITH.

